



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

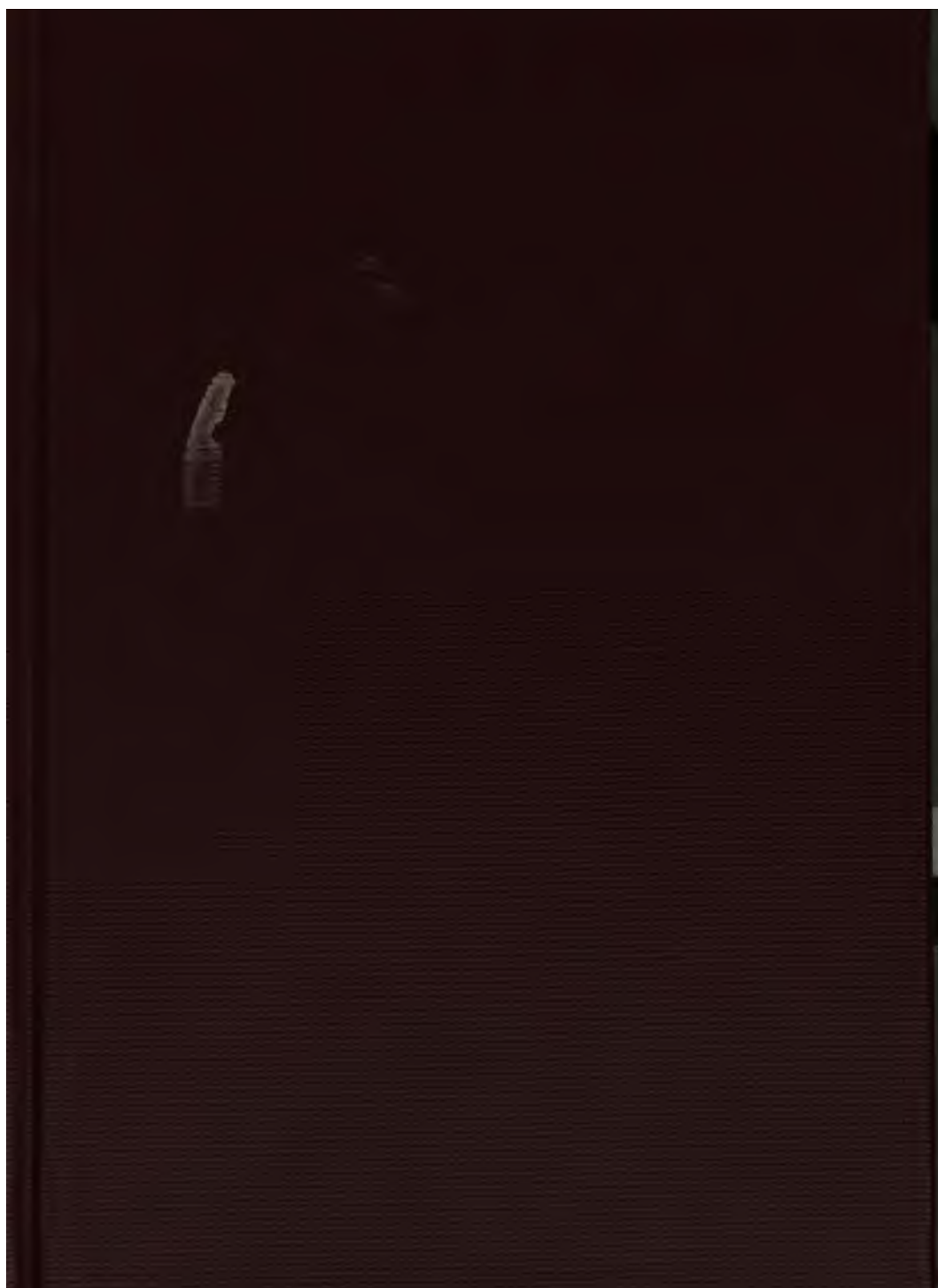
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



11426.41 A

The gift of

ROBERT WITHINGTON

 HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY 

“Quaint Epitaphs”

COLLECTED BY

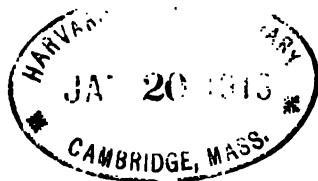
SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

Fourth Edition.

BOSTON:
DEWOLFE, FISKE & CO.
1902.

11426.41

A



Robert K. M. Huntington
Boston.

COPYRIGHT, 1898,
BY SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD,
24 CHURCH STREET,
BOSTON.

INTRODUCTION.

This collection of epitaphs was started in a very modest fashion about thirty-five years ago, when the compiler found great pleasure in searching all the graveyards near her Vermont home for quaint inscriptions upon old tombstones. It was neither a morbid curiosity nor a spirit of melancholy that attracted her to the weather-beaten slabs of marble and slate, but rather a fondness for studying human eccentricity as revealed in whimsical epitaphs. In almost every graveyard one can find

"Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,"

and these have given many hours of pleasure to one who finds in such sombre elegies of the dead most interesting reflections of the living.

As the only purpose of carrying on such odd researches was to satisfy a fondness for freakish ingenuity, much less interest was found in the thousands of amusing epitaphs that are penned by writers for comic papers or by wags in general. Fictitious inscriptions lack the charm of authenticity, which in the case of epitaphs is decidedly more desirable than imagination. All selections which could not be definitely located are classed by themselves, but many of these are known to have actually existed, though for varying reasons the collector is unable to vouch for their exact locality.

In a few instances the names have been changed, where it was thought that verbatim copies of the epitaphs

might prove invidious to the relatives or friends of the dead. It is hoped that the division into localities will prove a convenience to a majority of readers, who naturally will not care to read such a book through at one sitting, but rather to pick it up now and then when in the mood for such light entertainment as it can afford. The spelling has necessarily been changed at times from the antiquated and almost hieroglyphic forms which would defy the most careful typography; but in general the orthography and punctuation are copied verbatim from the originals.

The compiler trusts that it is not an act of unreasonable presumption to publish a book of epitaphs when so many already exist. In fact, it was partly because of the numerous requests for an examination of her collection that the plan of publishing it was adopted. Such an ambitious consummation of her pleasant labor never occurred to her until her original note-books became badly worn and torn in their travels from friend to friend, from town to town, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have been from Portland to Portland, from Augusta to Augusta, in response to the urgent requests of those who have in some manner heard of their existence. If her collection is as kindly received in book form as it has been in its less pretentious condition, the editor will feel that its publication was not due to an immoderate confidence in its variety and general interest.

SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

BOSTON, MASS., April 6, 1895.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

MAINE.

Winslow.

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas, an English-
man by birth, a Whig of '76—a Cooper by trade,
now food for worms. Like an old rum puncheon
whose staves are all marked and numbered he will
be raised and put together again by his Maker.



Here lies the body of John Mound
Lost at sea and never found.



Here lies one Wood enclosed in wood,
One Wood within another.
The outer wood is very good,
We cannot praise the other.



Gridiwokag — 1635.

Beneath this stone now dead to grief
Lies Grid the famous Wokag chief.
Pause here and think you learned prig,
This man was once an Indian big.
Consider this, ye lowly one,
This man was once a big in—jun.
Now he lies here, you too must rot,
As sure as pig shall go to pot.



(In the same churchyard.)

Here Betsy Brown her body lies.
Her soul is flying in the skies.
While here on earth she oftentimes spun
Six hundred skeins from sun to sun,
And wove one day, her daughter brags,
Two hundred pounds of carpet rags.



Portland.

The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhoea.



Eastport.

“Transplanted”



Kittery — 1803.

I lost my life in the raging seas
A sovereign God does as he please.
The Kittery friends did then appear,
And my remains they buried here.



We can but mourn our loss,
Though wretched was his life.
Death took him from the cross,
Erected by his wife.



Bath.

Our life is but a Winter's day.
Some breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay and are well fed.
The oldest sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.



JOHN PHILLIPS.

Accidentally shot as a mark of
affection by his brother.



After life's fever, I sleep well.



NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hollis.

Here the old man lies
No one laughs and no one cries
Where he's gone or how he fares
No one knows and no one cares.
But his brother James and his wife Emeline
They were his friends all the time.



Here lies our young and blooming daughter —
Murdered by the cruel and relentless Henry.
When coming home from school he met her,
And with a six self shooter, shot her.



Here lies Cynthia, Stevens' wife
She lived six years in calms and strife.
Death came at last and set her free.
I was glad and so was she.



In youth he was a scholar bright.
In learning he took great delight.
He was a major's only son.
It was by love he was undone.



Here lies old Caleb Ham,
By trade a bum.
When he died the devil cried,
Come, Caleb, come.



Peak Cemetery.

THOMAS CULBERT.

The voice of a stepfather beneath this
Stone is to rest one, shamefully robbed
In life by his wife's son, and Esq Tom
And David Learys wife

(The above is a verbatim copy.)



Guilford.

JOSIAH HAINES.

He was a blessing to the saints,
To sinners rich and poor,
He was a kind and worthy man,
He's gone to be no more.
He kept the faith unto the end
And left the world in peace.
He did not for a doctor send
Nor for a hireling priest.



MRS. JOSIAH HAINES.

Here beneath these marble stones
Sleeps the dust and rests the bones
Of one who lived a Christian life
'T was Haines's — Josiah's wife.
She was a woman full of truth
And feared God from early youth,
And priests and elders did her fight
Because she brought her deeds to light.



Pembroke.

Here lies a man never beat by a plan,
 Straight was his aim and sure of his game,
 Never was a lover but invented a revolver.

**Jaffrey.**

(A free negro, Amos Fortune, settled in Jaffrey more than one hundred years ago, though warned off as a possible pauper, and left one quaint bit of history — his estate, to the town. Part of it bought the communion service still in use (1895). On the gravestone of his wife is this inscription:)

Sacred to the memory of Violate, by purchase the
 Slave of Amos Fortune, by marriage his wife, by
 fidelity his companion and solace, and by his death
 his widow.

**VERMONT.**

Our little Jacob has been taken away to bloom in a
 superior flower pot above.



My wife lies here.
 All my tears cannot bring her back;
 Therefore, I weep.



This little buttercup was bound to join the heavenly
 choir.

**Burlington.**

Beneath this stone our baby lays,
 He neither crys or hollers.
 He lived just one and twenty days,
 And cost us forty dollars.



Here lies the wife of brother Thomas,
Whom tyrant death has torn from us,
Her husband never shed a tear,
Until his wife was buried here.
And then he made a fearful rout,
For fear she might find her way out.



He first departed, she a little tried to live without
him. Liked it not and died.



Burlington.

His illness lay not in one part
But o'er his frame it spread.
The fatal disease was in his heart
And water in his head.



In memory of Elizabeth Taylor.
Could blooming years and modesty and all thats
pleasing to the eye,
Against grim death been a defence,
Elizabeth had not gone hence.



Died when young and full of promise
Of whooping cough our Thomas.



She lived with her husband fifty years
And died in the confident hope of a better life.



Stop dear parent cast your eye,
And here you see your children lie.
Though we are gone one day before,
You may be cold in a minute more.



Little Teddy, fare thee well,
Safe from earth in Heaven to dwell.
Almost Cherub here below,
Altogether angel now.



(On a tombstone for man and wife.)
In sunny days and stormy weather,
In youth, and age, we clung together.
We lived and loved, laughed and cried
Together — and almost together died.



Concord.

The storm is passed and I am at rest.



Peacham.

Far distant from my native place
While visiting my daughter dear,
Thy call Sweet Jesus I embrace
Let my remains be buried here.



Windsor.

Behold! I come as a thief.



Death loves a shining mark.
In this case he had it.



Stowe.

(Erected by a widower in memory of his two wives.)

This double call is laid to all,
Let none surprise or wonder.
But to the youth it speaks a truth,
In accents loud as thunder.



Stranger pause as you pass by ;
My thirteen children with me lie.
See their faces how they shine
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.



Here lies the body of old Uncle David,
Who died in the hope of being sa-ved.
Where he 's gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.



The body that lies buried here
By lightning fell, death's sacrifice,
To him Elijah's fate was given
He rode on flames of fire to heaven.



Stay, reader, drop upon this stone
One pitying tear and then be gone :
A handsome pile of flesh and blood
Is here sunk down in its first mud.



A rum cough carried him off.



I was somebody — who? is no business of yours.



My wife from me departed
And robbed me like a knave ;
Which caused me broken hearted
To sink into this grave.
My children took an active part,
To doom me did contrive ;
Which stuck a dagger in my heart
That I could not survive.



Pious.
Open thine eyes Lord
I come ! I come !



Sacred to the memory of three twins.



My glass is run; yours is running.
Remember death and judgment coming.



This stone was got to keep this lot.
Her father bought. Dig not too near.



Grim death took little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Sereno Howells,
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery
And then he perished in his little bowels.



Newfane.

Oh, little Lavina she has gone
 To James and Charles and Eliza Ann.
 Arm in arm they walk above
 Singing the Redeemer's love.

**Grafton.**

Gone home below.

**MASSACHUSETTS.****Malden.**

PHEBE SPRAGUE.

In the sixteenth year of her age,
 Natively quick and spry
 As all young people be,
 When God commands them down to dust,
 How quick they drop you see.

**Wendell.**

MARY HARDY GOSS HILL SAWIN.

Orphan of affection and grief, adopted by aunt and
 grandsire, nurse of their hospital home.

Wife and widow of Dea John Hills.

Happy wife in rural home of Thomas Sawin eight
 years.

Often prisoner of calamity and pain.

Exhile of inherited melancholy fifteen years.

Patient waiter on decay and death.

Lover of all who love Jesus.



Here lies the body of Samuel Proctor
Who lived and died without a doctor.



Under these stones lies three children dear;
Two are buried at Taunton and I lie here.



Melrose

When I am dead and in my grave
And all my bones are rotten,
If this you see, remember me,
Nor let me be forgotten.



Rainsford Island, Boston Harbor.

Near by these grey rocks, enclosed in a box
Lies hatter Cox who died of small pox.



EDWARD AND JOHN CLAPP.

Drowned on the Westerly side of Thompson's
Island.

The morn was hopeful but they found
Sad disapointment soon,
For unawares they both were drowned
While yet 't was Sunday noon.



Bromfield.

In memory of Stephen Pyncheon.
One truth is certain when this life is o'er,
Man dies to live and lives to die no more.



Marshfield.

JULIA WEBSTER APPLETON.

"Let me go for the day breaketh."



Here lies one John Witherbee,
A Boston gallant chap was he.
God had no use for such as he,
The devil rejected Witherbee.



Here lies a man beneath this sod,
Who slandered all except his God,
And him he would have slandered too,
But that his God he never knew.

**Plymouth.**

Here lies the body of Thomas Vernon,
The only surviving son of Admiral Vernon.



Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton
Whose death alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying his corns one day to mow off.
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe or rather what it grew to,
An infirmation quickly flew to.
Which took alas! to mortifying
And was the cause of Richards dying.

**Mt. Auburn.**

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight
His can't be wrong whoes life is in the right.



QUAINT EPITAPHS.

17

"An eclipse at meridian."



Harvard.

DEA LEMUEL WILLARD

Died in 1821

When present useful, absent wanted
Lived respected, died lamented.



BISHOP JEWEL

He wrote learnedly, preached painfully, lived piously,
died peacefully



JOHN SAFFORD.

Crushed as a moth beneath Thy hands
We moulder back to dust ;
Our feeble frames cannot withstand
And all our beauty's lost.
This mortal life decays apace
How soon the bubble's broke.
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.



JOHN DABY.

Tis but a few whole days amount
To three score years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow toil and pain.
Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the toilsome road.



Boston (Granary Burying-Ground.)

Here I lie bereft of breath
 Because a cough carried me off ;
 Then a coffin they carried me off in.

**Dorchester.**

This world's a city, full of crooked streets ;
 And Death the market place where all men meets.
 If life were merchandize that men could buy
 The rich would live and none but poor would die.



Of pneumonia supervening consumption complicated
 with other diseases, the main symptom of which was
 insanity.



Submit, submitted to her heavenly King
 Being a flower of the ethereal Spring —
 Near three years old she died — In Heaven to wait
 The year was sixteen hundred forty eight.

**Rowley.**

EZEKIEL ROGERS, MINISTER

Died in 1660.

With the youth he took great pains, and was a tree of
 knowledge laden with fruit which the children could
 reach.



(Epitaph of Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, pastor of the first church
 in Cambridge. Died July 9, 1668.)

Here lies the darling of his time
 Mitchel expired in his prime.
 Who four years short of forty seven
 Was found full ripe and plucked for Heaven.



Gouth Dennis.

Of seven sons the Lord his father gave,
 He was the fourth who found a watery grave.
 Fifteen days had passed since the circumstance
 occurred,
 When his body was found and decently interred.



Vineyard Haven.

John and Lydia, that blooming pair,
 A whale killed him and her body lies here.



Chatham.

There were three brothers went to sea
 Who were never known to wrangle
 Holmes Hole — cedar pole
 Crinkle, crinkle crangle.

Three brothers started for Holmes Hole in an open boat for
 cedar poles, and on the passage were killed by lightening, repre-
 sented by the *crinkle, crinkle, crangle*.



Time was I stood as thou doest now
 And viewed the dead as thou doest me.
 E'er long thou 'l lie as low as I
 And others stand to look on thee.



Brockton.

Indulgent world I bid adieu.
 Farewell, dear friends, farewell to you.
 No more kindness can I show,
 To any creature here below.
 I am invited to my tomb,
 To sleep awhile till Jesus come.



Norton.

(A blacksmith's epitaph, composed by himself.)

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
 My bellows too have lost their wind,
 My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
 And in the dust my vice is laid.
 My iron spent, my coal is gone,
 My nails are drove — my work is done.

**Wayland.**

Here lies the body of Dr. Hayward,
 A man who never voted.
 Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

**Chelsea.**

Agreeable to the memory of
 Mrs. Alinda Tewksbury.
 She was not a believer in the Christian idolitry.

**East Warcham**

(Erected by the creditors of a bachelor Irishman.)
 Hibernia's son himself exiled,
 Without an inmate, wife or child,
 He lived alone.
 And when he died, his purse, though small,
 Contained enough to pay us all,
 And buy this stone.



REBECCA NOURSE
 Yarmouth Eng 1621
 Salem Mass 1692



Accused of witchcraft she declared "I am innocent and God will clear my innocency" Once acquitted yet falsely condemned she suffered death July 19th, 1692.

O Christian Martyr who for truth could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous lie
The world redeemed from superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day.



Avon.

Hither my friends just turn aside
And read and see how young I died,
And as you read consider well
How soon you 'l die there 's none can tell.
Aged 23.



Consumption come, God's will be done,
Let every sinner cease,
To Jesus fly, prepare to die,
And find eternal peace.



Marshall's Corner, Brockton.

His feeble body failed
His spirit took its flight
He 's conquered death and hell
He walks with God to-night.



Good-night ! Good-night ! and is it so?
And must I from my family go?
Family say good-night once more
And I 'll repeat it 'ore and 'ore.



CONNECTICUT.

Hebron.

Peggy Dow shared the vicissitudes of Lorenzo fifteen years, and died aged 39.



New Haven.

(Composed by the deceased.)

PARTRIDGE THACHER.

Rest here, my body, till the Archangel's voice more sonorous far than nine fold thunder, wakes the sleeping dead; then rise to thy just sphere and be my house immortal.



(On a babe four days old.)

Since I so very soon was done for
I wonder what I was begun for.



FRANKLIN WHITE.

Here lies Frank a shining light
Whose name, life, actions all were white.



Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson
And Ruth, his wife.
Their warfare is accomplished.



God works a wonder now and then,
He though a lawyer was an honest man.



Reader pass on. Don't waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme.
For what I am this crumbling clay assures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.



DR. SOMERBY.

At length a grave spots for him provided,
Where all through him so many of us died did.



Early, bright, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exalted and went to heaven.



Norfolk.

LIEUT. NATHAN DAVIS.

Died in 1781.

Death is a debt that 's justly due,
That I have paid and so must you.



ELIZABETH, wife of NATHAN DAVIS.

Died in 1786.

This debt I owe is justly due,
And I am come to sleep with you.



NEW YORK.

Skaneateles.

Underneath this pile of stones
 Lie's all that's left of Sally Jones.
 Her name was Lord it was not Jones.
 But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.



MARY DRUMMOND SMITH.

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith
 'Till neath the sod it laid her.
 She was a worthy Methodist
 And served as a crusader.



East Thompson.

Here lies one who never sacrificed his reason to super-
 stitious God, nor ever believed that Jonah swallowed the
 whale.



Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life
 I could not praise enough so good a wife.



New York City (Trinity Churchyard) — 1767.

Tho' Boreas' blasts and boisterous waves
 Have tossed me to and fro,
 In spite of both by God's decree
 I harbor here below;
 Where I do now at anchor ride
 With many of our fleet,
 Yet once again I must set sail,
 My Admiral Christ to meet.



ALDEN WHITE.

Grim death took me without any warning,
I was well one day, and stone dead next morning.



MADELINE WHITE.

God takes the good too good on earth to stay,
God leaves the bad too bad to take away.



Sarah Thomas is dead and that's enough
The candle is out and so is the snuff
Her soul is in Heaven you need not fear
And all that's left is buried here.



Wyoming County.

She was in health at 11.30 A. M.
And left for Heaven at 3 30 P. M.



Garden City Cathedral.

(On the sarcophagus of A. T. Stewart, of New York City, whose
body was stolen from St. Mark's Churchyard:)

"He is Not Here."



Ithaca.

The pale consumption gave the fatal blow.
The fate was certain although the event was slow.



While on earth my knee was lame,
I had to nurse and heed it.
But now I'm at a better place,
Where I don't even need it.



JOHN DALE.

WIFE OF JOHN DALE.

April 22

We shall miss thee, mother,
And longing nearly home.

3

Her morning cheeks were in defiance
Against the winter fever.
In fit and true time she was laid down,
To dwell with Christ forever.

3

JOHN DALE.

His great excellence was that he was genuine.

3

Father and Mother and I
Chose to be buried asunder.
Father and Mother here,
And I buried yonder.

3

JULIA KING.

I go to meet my brother.

3

JOHN DALE

and his two wives.

A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet — still are both his wives.

3

Greenwood.

Grieve not for me my Harriet dear
For I am better off,
You know what were my sufferings
And what a dreadful cough.

3

DAVID STUART

A loving father and companion,
Follow me as I have — Jesus.



Schenectady.

What tho in age I leave my Wife
And all the joys of human life
Grieve not my friends to see me die
For so must you as well as I.
Life is a flower that soon will fade
And Death a debt that must be paid
So farewell friends, your grief refrain
When Christ appears we 'll meet again.



Orange County.

Underneath this stone doeth lie
As much virtue as could die ;
Which when alive did vigor give
To as much of beauty as could live.



AMOS JUDGE

(Coal dealer.)

He gave full weight to all t'is said
And did it without vaunting ;
When in the ballance he is weighed
He will not be found wanting.



WILLIAM NEWHALL.

He 'rose in health at early dawn
To hail the new born year :
Before the evening shade came on
He finished his career.



QUAINT EPITAPHS.

He was a man of invention great
 Above all who he lived nigh ;
 But he could not invent to live
 When God called him to die.



A thousand ways cut short our days,
 None are exempt from death.
 A honey-bee by stinging me
 Did stop my mortal breath.



He got a fish bone in his throat
 And then he sang an angel's note.



Here lies a kind and loving wife,
 A tender nursing mother ;
 A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
 A pattern for all others.



Block Island.

He 's done a catching cod
 And gone to meet his God.



To the memory of
 SUSAN MUM.
 Silence is wisdom.



This corpse
 is
 PHEBE THORPS.



NEAL KEVEN.

His accounts were found square to a cent.



A WATCH-MAKER'S EPITAPH.

(Copied from a tomb-stone in Wales by old Sexton Brown, the once famous sexton of Grace Church, N. Y.)

Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case of George Rutlege watch-maker, whose abilities in that line were an honor to his profession.

Integrity was the main-spring of all the actions of his life. Humane, honest and industrious his hands never stopped until they had relieved distress.

He had the art of disposing of his time in such a way that he never went wrong except when set agoing by persons who did not know his key, and even then was easily set right again.

He departed this life wound up in the hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, thoroughly cleaned, regulated and repaired and set going in the world to come.



IN THE SOUTH.

Philadelphia (Christ's Churchyard).

(Written by himself when twenty-three years of age.)

The body of Benjamen Franklin, printer like the cover of an old book its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition corrected and amended by the author.



(Carved on a little stone in a Maryland churchyard, after the name of the dead.)

"He held the pall at the funeral of Shakspeare."



Bayfield, Miss.

(On a child struck by lightning.)

Struck by thunder.



Stranger pause my tale attend,
And learn the cause of Hannah's end.
Across the world the wind did blow,
She ketched a cold that laid her low.
We shed a lot of tears 't is true,
But life is short — aged 82.



Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still,
She had; but now I have my will.



OUR LITTLE CHARLIE

He dropped into our world
To taste life's bitter cup,
But turned his little head aside
Disgusted with the taste and died.



Huntington, West Va.

"Here lies the body of J. Wesley Webb, a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, Jeffersonian Democracy and the M. E. Church."



Alexandria, Va.

To the memory of a female stranger whoes mortal
sufferings ended Oct. 14th 1816.

How valued; how loved once, avails thee not.
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be.



Peter Letig was his name,
Heaven I hope his station,
Baltimore was his dwelling place
And Christ is his salvation.



The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub
wife

I'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body we laid.



(Mr. James Danner, late of Louisville, having been laid by the
side of his four wives, received this touching epitaph:)

An excellent husband was this Mr. Danner,
He lived in a thoroughly honorable manner.
He may have had troubles,
But they burst like bubbles,
He's at peace, now with Mary, Jane Susan and Hannah.

**Maryland.**

They were two loving sisters,
Who in this dust do lie.
The very day Annie was buried
Elizabeth did die.



Henrietta thou was mild and lovely,
Gentle as a summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
With triumph on her tongue
With radiance on her brow,
She passed to that exalted throng
And shares their glory now.



My father and mother were both insane
I inherited the terrible stain.
My grandfather, grandmother, aunts and uncles
Were lunatics all, and yet died of carbuncles.



Here lies the bones of David Jones,
Laid both dead and dumb.
He read a law and plead a cause
But died from drinking rum.



(Over the grave of a brave engineer.)
Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down,
He works to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown.
On schedule time, on upper grade
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train in God's roundhouse
The morn of resurrection.
His time is full, no wages docked,
His name on God's pay roll,
And transportation through to Heaven
A free pass for his soul.



Elizabeth Scott lies buried here.
She was born Nov 20th 1785,
according to the best of her recollection.



Poor souls how strangely fond of life
And who that see's this bed would change with me.
Yet gentle reader tell me which is best
A painful journey or a place of rest.



Tennessee.

She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera
morbus, caused by eating green fruit in hope of a blessed
immortality.

Reader, go thou and do likewise.



Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris who died from a
kick by a colt in his bowells.

Peaceable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother,
respected by all who knew him — gone to the world where
horses don't kick, where sorrow and weeping are no more.



Here lies my twins as dead as nits
One died of fever the other of fits.



Some have children others none,
Here lies the mother of twenty one.



Bolivar, Tenn.

To the memory of Esakiel Polk, Father of President James K. Polk.

Here lies the dust of E P
 One instance of mortality!
 Pennsylvania born, Carolina bred,
 In Tennessee died, on his bed.
 His youthful days he spent in pleasure,
 His latter years in gathering treasure:
 From superstition lived quite free
 And practised strict morality;
 To holy cheats was never willing
 To give one solitary shilling.
 He can foresee — and in foreseeing
 He equals most of men of being —
 That Church and State will join their power
 And misery on this country shower.
 The Methodists with their camp-bawling
 Will be the cause of their down falling,
 And we are not destined to see
 The woes of poor posterity.
 First fruits and tithes are odious things
 And so are Bishops, Priests and Kings.

**Yazoo City, Miss.**

Here lies two grandsons of
 John Hancock, first signer of the
 Declaration of Independence.
 (Their names are respectively Geo. M.
 and John H. Hancock)
 and their eminence hangs on
 their having had a grandfather.



UNLOCATED.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the twenty first of May
Began to hold her tongue.



Ebenezer Dockwood aged forty seven,
A miser and a hypocrite and never went to Heaven.



Kent.

The wedding day appointed was
The wedding clothes provided
But e'er the day did come — alas
He sickened and he die — did.



Within this grave do lie.
Back to back my wife and I.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up I'll just lie still.



Mammy and I together lived,
Just three years and a half.
She went first, I followed next,
The cow before the calf.



(A man had cremated four wives, and the ashes, kept in four urns, being overturned and fallen together, were buried at last and had this droll inscription:)

Stranger pause and shed a tear,
For Mary Jane lies buried here.
Mingled in a most surprising manner
With Susan, Marie and portions of Hannah.



No doctor ever physicked me,
Was never near my side.
But when fever came I thought of the name,
And that was enough — I died.



This is to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will.
She snubbed her husband but she made good bread
Yet on the whole he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children and she drank her gin,
Whipped virtue out and whipped the devil in.
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity may scold.



Sacred to the remains of Jonathan Thompson a pious
Christian and affectionate husband.

His disconsolate widow still continues to carry on his
business at the old place since her bereavement.



Sacred to the memory of William Skaradon who came
to his death by being shot with a Colts revolver, one of
the old kind brass mounted and of such is the kingdom
of heaven.



Sacred to the memory
Of Miss Martha Grimm.
She was so very spare within,
She burst the outward shell of sin
And hatched herself a cherubim.



TIMOTHY EGAN

He heard the angels calling him,
From the celestial shore.
He flopped his wings and away he flew
To make one angel more.



Here lies the body of Mary Ford
We hope her soul is with the Lord.
But if for tophet she's changed this life,
Better be there than J. Ford's wife.



A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did not enter Heaven's gate.
But stood without and would not knock
Because he meant to pick the lock.



There was a man who died of late,
Whom angels did impatient wait
With outstretched arms and smiles of love
To take him up to the realms above.
While hovering 'round the lower skies
Still disputing for the prize,
The devil slipped in like a weasil
And down to Hell he took old Kezle.



Ashes to ashes dust to dust,
 Here lies George Emery I trust.
 And when the trump blows louder and louder
 He'll rise a box of Emery powder.



Here lies the body of Robert Lowe
 Whither he's gone I do not know.
 If to the realms of peace and love
 Farewell to happiness above.
 If to a place of lower level
 I don't congratulate the d——l.



Here lies interred Priscilla Bird
 Who sang on earth till sixty two.
 Now up on high above the sky
 No doubt she sings like sixty — too.



Here lies Jane Smith,
 Wife of Thomas Smith, Marble Cutter.

This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute
 to her memory and a specimen of his work.

Monuments of this same style are two hundred and
 fifty dollars.



(A cricket player's epitaph.)

In the pride of his manhood he heard the last call,
 Though first in the field where his feet pressed the sod.
 He hath gained his last wicket and thrown his last ball,
 To join in the choir 'round the throne of his God.



Here lies the body of Susan Lowder
Who burst while drinking a *Sedlit* powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced.



A man of letters it seems was he;
The college made him L. L. D.
The Order a P. G. W. C.
Grim death has given him the G. B.
And may his ashes R. I. P.



(After cremation.)

And this is all that 's left of thee
Thou fairest of earth's daughters.
Only four pounds of ashes white
Out of two hundred and three quarters.



(James Payn, the novelist, speaks of this epitaph as "pathetic and expressive.")

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where help was not hired;
And her last words on earth were,
Dear friends I am going
Where no washing is done nor sweeping or sewing.
Where all things will be exact to my wishes,
For where there 's no eating there 's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems are constantly ringing
But having no voice I shall get clear of singing.
She folded her hands with her latest endeavor
And sighing she whispered sweet nothing forever.



QUAINT EPITAPHS.

This man when alive was a slave
 But behold such is fate
 Having died he is equal in power
 To Darius the Great.



ALPHA WHITE

Weight 309 lbs.

Open wide ye golden gates
 That lead to the heavenly shore.
 Our father suffered in passing through
 And mother weighs much more.



The winter snow congealed his form
 But now we know our Uncle's warm.



Our papa dear has gone to Heaven
 To make arrangements for eleven.



(Epitaph on a dentist.)

View this gravestone with gravity
 He is filling his last cavity.



Here lies Dodge, who dodged all good
 And dodged a deal of evil.
 But after dodging all he could
 did not dodge the devil.



Sacred to twins Charlie and Varlie. Sons of loving
parents who died in infancy



(On the tombstone of a disagreeable old man.)
“Deeply regretted by all who never knew him.”



Here lies Jim Shaw, attorney-at-law.
When he died the devil cried,
Give me your paw, Jim Shaw,
Attorney at law.



Here lies my wife a sad slatterned shrew
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.



Here lies Ann Mann.
She lived an old maid
But died an old Mann.



Here lies Ned Hyde because he died.
If it had been his sister
We should not have missed her.
But would rather it had been his father
Or for the good of the nation
The whole generation.



(On a well-known pill doctor.)
His virtues and his pills are so well known
That envy can't confine them under stone.



Throughout his life he kneaded bread
And deemed it quite a bore.
But now six feet beneath earth's crust
He needeth bread no more.



Listen, Mother, Aunt and me
Were killed, here we be.
We should not had time to missle
Had they blown the engine whistle.



He never won immortal fame
Nor conquered earthly ills
But men weep for him all the same
He always paid his bills.



She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of
Straw.



Here lies the remains of
JOHN HALL grocer.
The world is not worth a fig
I have good *raisins* for saying so.



AMANDA LOWE.

She loved me and my grandchildren revered her.
She bathed my feet and kept my socks well darned.



A bird, a man, a loaded gun.
No bird, dead man, thy will be done.



IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

At St. Marylebone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(By Laureate Skelton.)

Fame blow aloud, and to the world proclaim,
There never ruled such a royal dame!
The word of God was ever her delight,
In it she meditated day and night.
Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
Earth's joy, England's gem, world's wonder,
Nature's chief.
She was and is, what can there more be said,
On earth the chief, in Heaven the second made.



In Harrow Churchyard.

(Ascribed to Lord Byron.)

Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree lies!
A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.



Here lies Donald and his wife
Janett McPhee

Aged 40 he
And 30 she.



Surrey, England.

The Lord was good I was lopping off wood
And down fell from a tree.
I met with a check that broke my neck
And so God lopped off me.



Here lies John Higley whose father and mother
were drowned in their passage from America. Had
they both lived they would have been buried here.

**Aberdeen, Scotland.**

Here lies Martin Elmrod.
Have mercy on my soul, good God
As I would do were I Lord God
And you were Martin Elmrod.



Here lies Thomas Smith
And what is somewhat rareish,
He was born bred and hanged
In this e'er parish.



Here I lie at the chancel door
And I lie here because I am poor;
For the farther in the more you pay,
But here I lie as warm as they.

**Pickering Churchyard.**

Death comes to all, none can resist his dart
At his command the dearest friends must part.
A mournful widow who this truth doth own
In gratitude erects this humble stone.



Childwell, England.

Here lies the body of
JOHN SMITH.
Buried in the cloisters
If he dont jump at the last trump,
Call, Oysters!



Under this yew tree
Burried would he be
Because his father — he
Planted this yew tree.



England.

If heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in,
If earth be pleased when ridded of a knave,
Then all are pleased for Coleman's in his grave.



Samuel Gardner was blind in one eye and in a moment of confusion he stepped out of a receiving and discharging door in one of the warehouses into the ineffable glories of the celestial sphere.



To the memory of Ric Richards who by a gangrene
first lost a toe, then a leg and lastly his life.
Ah cruel Death to make three meals of one,
To taste and eat, and eat till all was gone.
But know thou tyrant when the trump shall call,
He'll find his feet, and stand where thou shalt fall.



QUAINT EPITAPHS.

Poet & Shoemaker.

JOSEPH BLACKETT.

Stranger behold interred together
 The lords of learning and of leather.
 Poor Joe is gone but left his *awl*
 You'll find his relics in a stall.
 His works were neat and often found
 Well stitched and with morocco bound.
 Tread lightly where the bard is laid;
 He cannot mend the shoe he made.
 Yet he is happy in his hole
 With verse immortal as his soul;
 But still to business he held fast
 And stuck to Pheabus to the *last*.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only leather and prunello?
 For character he did not lack it
 And if he did't were shame to Blackett.



ROBERT MASTER, Undertaker.

Here lies Bob Master. Faith! t'was very hard
 To take away an honest Robin's breath.
 Yes, surely Robin was full well prepared
 For he was always looking out for death.



(On a dog's tombstone.)

POMPEY.

In life the firmest friend, the first to
 Welcome, foremost to defend.



(Taken from "The Lady's Magazine and Musical Repository,"
January, 1801.)

EPITAPH ON A BIRD.

Here lieth, aged three months the body of Richard Acanthus a young person of unblemished character. He was taken in his callow infancy from the wing of a tender parent by the rough and pitiless hand of a two-legged animal without feathers.

Though born with the most aspiring disposition and unbending love of freedom he was closely confined in a grated prison and scarcely permitted to view those fields of which he had an undoubted charter.

Deeply sensible of this infringement of his natural rights he was often heard to petition for redress in the most plaintive notes of harmonious sorrow. At length his imprisoned soul burst the prison which his body could not and left a lifeless heap of beauteous feathers.

If suffering innocence can hope for retribution, deny not to the gentle shade of this unfortunate captive the humble though uncertain hope of animating some happier form; or trying his new fledged pinions in some happy elysium, beyond the reach of

Man

the tyrant of this lower world.



(On three children.)

"Who plucked my choicest flowers?" the gardener cried
"The Master did," a well known voice replied.
"T" is well they are all his," the gardener said,
And meekly bowed his reverential head.



Poor Betty Conway, she drank lemonade at a masquerade,
So now she 's dead and gone away.



Beneath this stone in sound repose
Lies William Rich of Lydeard Close.
Eight wives he had yet none survive
And likewise children eight times five,
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grandchildren five times four.



Rich born, rich bred, yet Fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor
July the tenth aged ninety-four.



Ellington, England.

Here rest the remains of ALEXANDER MCKINSTRY.

A kind husband, tender parent, dutiful son, affectionate brother, faithful friend, generous master, and obliging neighbor. The house looks desolate and mourns, every door groans doleful as it turns. The pillars languish and each silent wall in grief laments the masters fall.



JOSEPH HORTON, Pedlar.

I lodged here in many a town
And travelled many a year.
Till age and death have brought me down
To my last lodging here.



Underneath this crust
Lies the moulding dust
Of Elenor Bachelor Shoven
Well versed in the arts
Of pies, custards and tarts
And the lucrative trade of the oven
When she lived long enough
She made her last puff.



Falkirk, England.

Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Mouth almighty and teeth according.
Stranger tread lightly on this wonder,
If he opens his mouth you are gone to thunder.



Here under this sod and under these trees
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease.
But here in this hole lies only his pod
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.



Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake.
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffing,
So he sought repose in a twelve dollar coffin.



At rest beneath this slab of stone,
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyett.
He died one morning just at ten
And saved a dinner by it.



Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton
She was a wife that never vexed one.
But I can't say as much for the one at the next stone.



I Dionysius underneath this tomb
Some sixty years of age have reached my doom.
Ne'er having married, think it sad,
And I wish my father never had.



Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ere thou hast slain another
Wise and fair and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee.



He lived one hundred and five
Sanguine and strong
A hundred to five
You live not so long.



Kent.

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded ;
One died of his wounds but the other was drowned.



Beneath this stone in hopes of Z.on,
Doeth lay the landlord of the Lion.
His son keeps in the business still
Resigned unto His heavenly will.



EPITAPH OF SUSAN BLAKE.

(Written by Sir Thomas Moore at her urgent entreaty.)

Good Susan Blake in royal state
Arrived at last at Heaven's gate.

(After an absence of years and having fallen out with her he
added these two lines:)

But Peter met her with a club
And knocked her back to Beelzebub.



John Palfryman who is buried here
Was aged four and twenty years.
And near this place his Mother lies
Likewise his father when he dies.



Salisbury.

Farewell vain world I've had enough of thee,
And value not what thou canst say of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
All 's one to me, my head lies quiet here;
What faults thou 'st seen in me take care to shun
And look at home, there 's something to be done



Like a tender rose-tree was my spouse to me.
Her offspring plucked too long deprived of life is she.
Three went before, her life went with the sixth :
I stay with the three our sorrows for to mix,
Till Christ our only hope our joys doth fix.



Here lies John Auricular
Who in the way of the Lord
Walked perpendicular.



Stratford Churchyard.

My grandfather was buried here,
 My cousin Jane and two uncles, dear.
 My father perished with inflammation of the eyes.
 My sister dropped dead in a nunnery.
 But the reason why I am here interred according to my ~~own~~ ^{my}
 thinking,
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking,
 If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long
 Dont drink to much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing ~~strong~~ ^{strong}
 strong.



Beneath this monumental stone
 Lies half a ton of flesh and bone.



SHAKSPEARE.

Good friends for Jesus' sake forbear
 To stir the dust enclosed here.
 Blest be the man who spares these stones
 And cursed be he who moves my bones.



Mt. Park Cemetery, Montreal.

FRED MCKERNAN, Aged three years.

Johnnie wants to know where do you now stay
 Or with whom do you now play,
 Or where do you roam?
 For the little iron cot
 Your poor mother bought
 Still waits for you at home.



Nova Scotia.

Here lies old twenty five per cent.
 The more he had the more he lent.
 The more he had the more he craved,
 Great God, can this poor soul be saved?



Folkstone.

MRS DAVID STUART

For twenty years and eight I lived a maiden's life
 And five and thirty years I was a married wife.
 And in that space of time eight children I did bear,
 Four sons, four daughters who I ever loved most dear;
 Three of that number as the Scriptures run,
 Preached up the way to Heaven — and Hell to shun.



MAIDEN LILLARD,

A young Scotch woman, who at the battle of Ancrum, 1545,
 distinguished herself by her extraordinary valor.

Fair Maiden Lillard lies under this sod.
 Little was her statue but great was her fame.
 Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
 And when her legs were cut off she fought upon her
 stumps.



Here lies a man who all his mortal life
 Spent mending clocks, but could not mend his wife.
 The larum of his bell was ne'er so shrill
 As was her tongue, aye, clacking like a mill.
 But now he's gone — oh whither none can tell
 But hope beyond the sound of Matty's bell.



Paris.

ADAH ISAAC MENKIN.

“Thou knowest.”



[Lord Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog at Newstead.]

“To mark a friend's remains
These stones arise.
I never knew but one
And here he lies.”



Manchester, England.

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten.
He ne'er did good nor ever would
Had he lived as long again.



Beneath these stones repose the bones
of Theodosious Grimm.
He took his beer from year to year
And then the bier took him.



Here lies John Quebecca
precentor to My Lord the King.

When he is admitted to the choir of angels whose
society he will embellish and where he will distinguish
himself by his powers of song — God shall say to the
angels —

Cease ye calves ! and let me hear
John Quebecca, the precentor of
My Lord the King.



(On a butcher whose name was Lamb.)
 Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
 Who died a Lamb who lived a sheep.
 Many a lamb and sheep he slaughtered
 But cruel Death the scene has altered.



ROSE CLIFFORD.

This tomb doth here enclose the world's most beauteous
 Rose.



St. Botolph's.

A traveller lies here at rest
 Who life's rough ocean tossed on.
 His many virtues all expressed
 Thus simply — "*I'm from Boston.*"



Here lies Bernard Lightfoot who was accidentally
 killed in the forty fifth year of his age.
 Erected by his grateful family.



St. Clair, Canada.

(On a brickmaker.)

Keep death and judgment always in your eye
 Or else the devil off with you will fly.
 And in his kiln with burning brimstone ever fry.
 If you neglect the narrow road to seek
 Christ will respect you like a half burned brick.



Received of Philip Harding
 his borrowed earth July 4th 1673.



PATRICK BAY, Innholder.

Killed by an ignorant Physician.
 Not Fate or Death but doctor Rowe
 Advanced to give the deadly blow
 That smote me to the shades below.
 Had Death alone approached too nigh,
 Had Fate or Nature bid me die,
 I must have borne it patiently.

But to be robbed of life and ease
 By such infernal quacks as these
 And pay, beside their modest fees !
 Now folks that travel by this way,
 Pointing toward my tomb shall say,
 " There lies the bones of Patrick Bay —
 Who ne'er a cheerful glass denied,
 All force of arms, and grog defied,
 Yet by a vile Jack Pudding died."



(Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College at New Haven, lies buried in Wrenham, Wales. His monument bears this inscription:)

Born in America, in Europe bred
 In Africa traveled in Asia wed,
 Where long he lived and thrived
 And at London died.
 Much good, some ill he did so hope all 's even
 And his soul through mercy is gone to Heaven.
 You that survive and read this tale take care,
 For this most certain event to prepare;
 Where blest in peace the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.



JOHN SCOTT Brewer.

Poor John Scott is buried here
 Tho' once he was both hale and stout.
 Death stretched him on his bitter bier,
 In another world he hops about.



The Duke of Norfolk, a great whist player.
 (By Sheridan.)

Here lies England's premier baron,
 Patiently awaiting the last trump.



Here lies a Cardinal who wrought
 Both good and evil in his time.
 The good he did was good for naught
 Not so the evil — that was prime.



Caroline Islands.

Sacred to Wm Collis boat-steerer of the ship St George
 of New Bedford, who by the will of Almighty God was
 killed by a whale off this Island

also

Pedro Sabbanas of Guam 4th mate his back broken by
 whale above mentioned.



Additional Epitaphs.

These blank leaves are inserted
for the convenience of
collectors of
epitaphs.

.

.

.

.

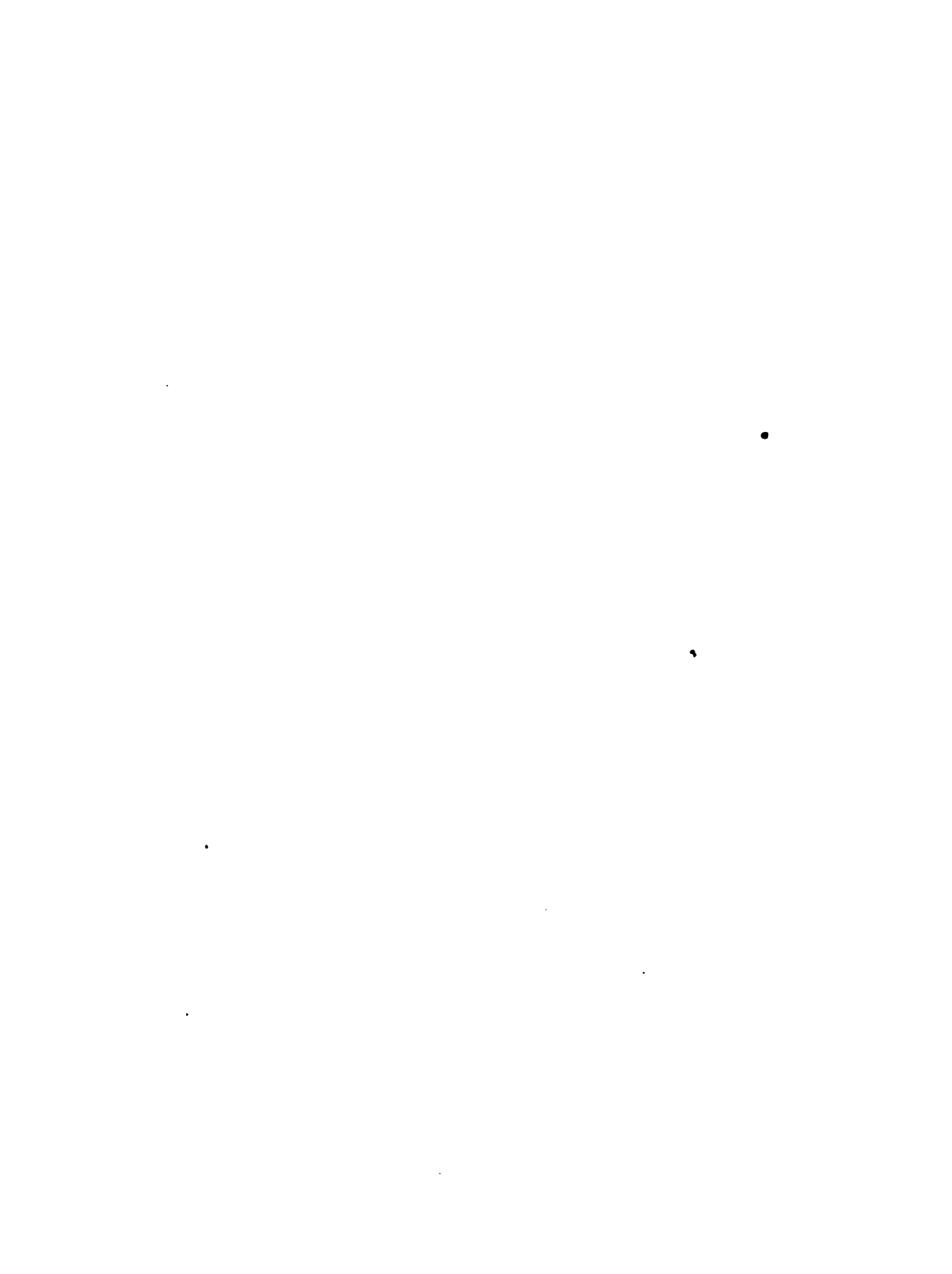
•

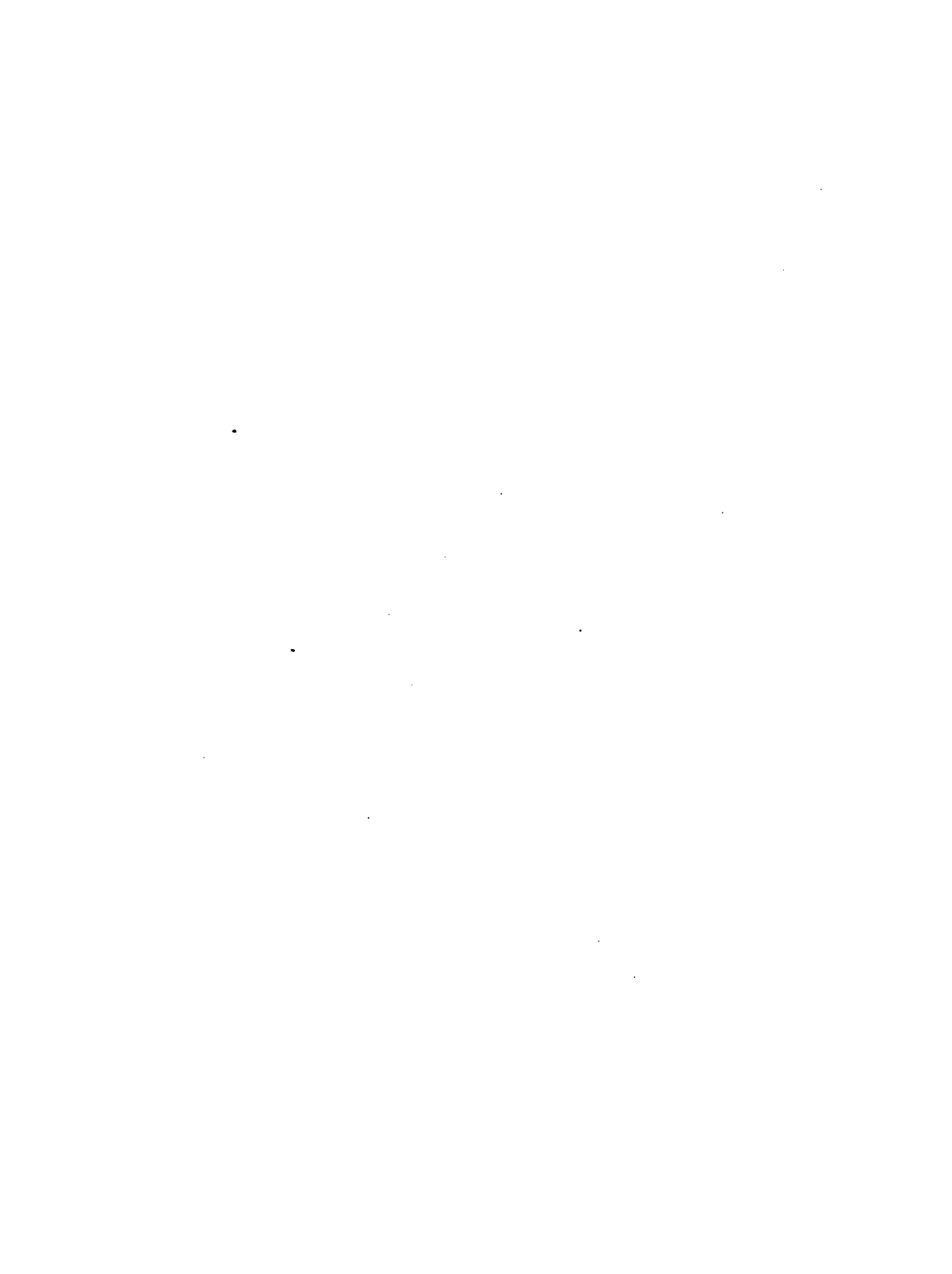
•

•

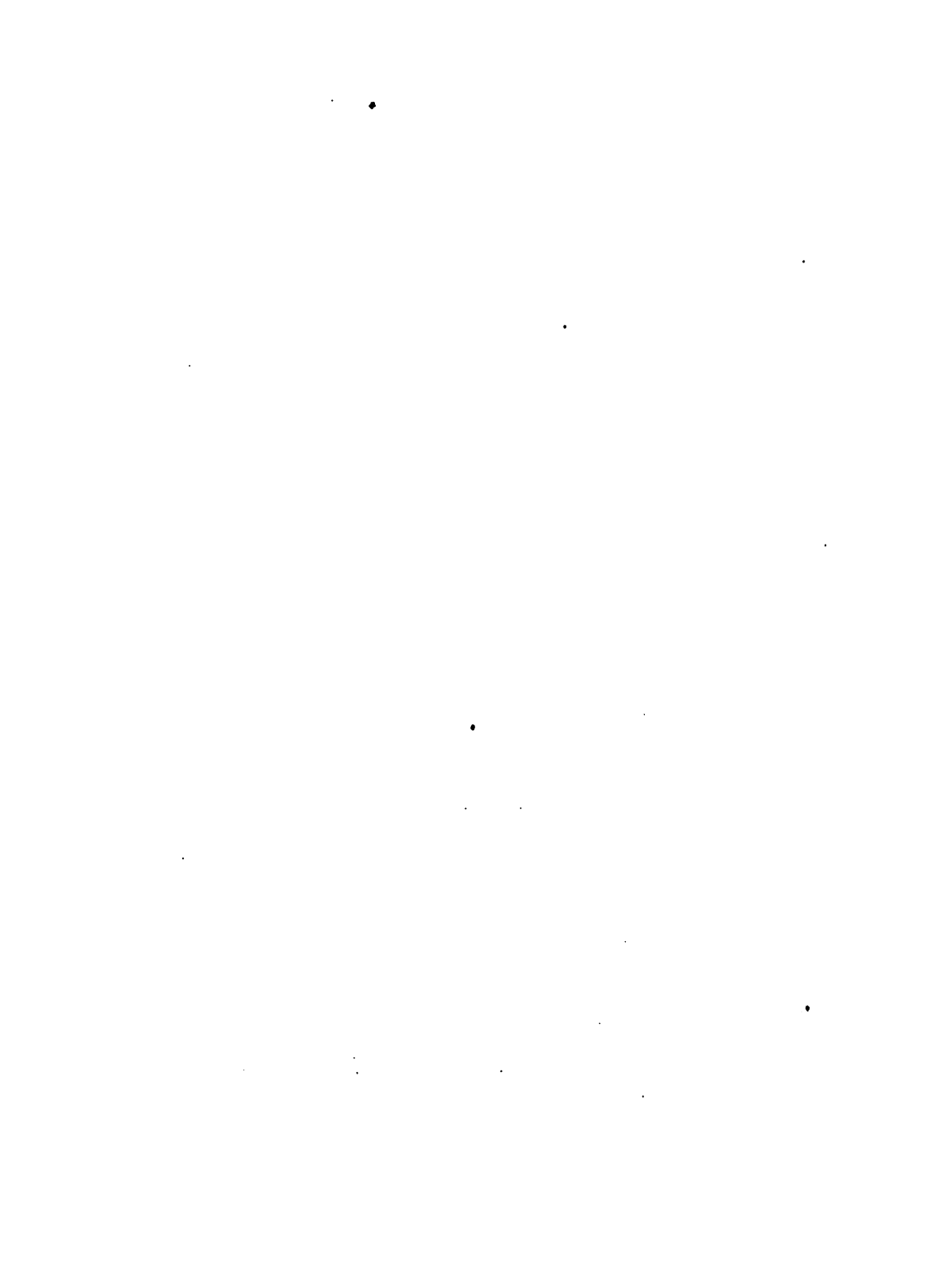
•

•









1915 4 HS

1326 5 HS

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



